





THE
HISTORIES
OF
BALAA M, JONAS,
JOHN the Baptist:

New moduled into Verse,
With Notes:
Worthy the observation.

Written by JOHN HARVY, Esq;

ROM. 6. 23.

The wages of sin is death.

LUKE 13. 3.

Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

REVEL. 20. 4.

I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word of God, &c.

LONDON,

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147. g. 83.





To my deare Brethren,
My loving Cousins, &
My truc hearted Friends.

hatb made use of the former,
polishing their old Peeces in
a new dresse. A good heart,
that is, an heart richly fur-
nisht; Cor totum honora-
tum, intra: Such a heart
(like the Philosophers stone)
turns all to gold.

This little book is three
Stories bigb, but all very
short, and a short Epistle
suits best with them: I doe
not affect popularity, it is
like a thief in a Candle, it
may blaze, but it wastes us;
indeed I determined them
more

more private, and for some
private purposes; but being
in the hands of some friends,
who took Copies, they were
taught to goe, which made
them finde a way to the Press;
They are now especially inten-
ded for you my friends, and I
am yours.

The well-wisher of

your eternal good,

John Harvye.

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To Mr. Harvey, on his
excellent Poems.

I Never saw thee, yet I'll vow,
A wreath of bays shall arch thy Kingly brow,
As Poet laureat; we will lift thy name
Upon the top of eagle-winged fame:
I've read thy Expositions, and doe see
The hidden tracts of divine Poetrie;
'Tis well composed; now let the flashy stories
Of other Writers, and their borrowed glories
Lie still awhile, and you that bear the day,
Upon the top of high Invention stay;
Veil your supremacy; go, go and shroud
Your glimmering glory in an airy cloud:
And you that new your selves to invent a tale,
Like Jonah in the belly of the Whale; (pass,
Yet when y' have brought your projects all to
Can scarce speak half so wise as Balaam's Ass;
Your tapers burn but dim, our Author spies,
Therefore he made this torch to light your eyes:

I will not say Harvey, when thou wert born
That Nature in her workmanship did scorn
After thy hour of birth, there should be hurl'd
Out such another fancy to the world,
This were to glose; but as I said before,
'Tis rarely done, and I will say no more.

Reader,

READER,
Some few Errata's or false printings there
Sare, which thine owne sence will easily
correct in the verſe.

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History of Balaam.

OF old among the Poets it hath bin
The custome, when their works they did begin,
To invocate the Gods for good successe,
Aid and assistance; then sure there's no lesse
Requir'd of me, who undertake in verse
Balaam and *Balaams* strange ways to reherse:
Their project still projected thy designe,
Great God Almighty, doe as much with mine:
The *Israelitish* Army lay as round,
As numerous, on *Moabitish* ground,
Like grazing Oxen, that doe lick up all
The graffe, before they send them to the stall.
Moab's affr aid, and is distressed too,
Consults with *Midian*, know not what to doe:
Straits to the wicked add but grief to sorrow;
'Tis ill with them to day, 'tis worse to morrow:
It was no bad news for the *Moabites*
To see their enemies the *Amorites*
Vanquisht in fight; themselves they may secure,
They have a time for peace to make all sure:

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But now their guilty consciences begin
To startle ; when they call to minde their sin,
What succour they unkindly had deny'd
To *Israel*, when their kindnesse they had try'd :
Therefore they dare not parly for a peace,
Unlesse the Oracle, that chance to cease :
The Oracle says, With *Midian* combine ;
If ye would smite them throughly, ye must join.
Thus wicked hearts consult, conspire, and plot
Against the Just : Vengeance forbears them not,
But sets them in some wileſſe way to run ;
And now what hafte they make to be undone !
The righteous man when he the vengeance sees,
Shall tune his Song of prayſe to ſome degrees.
Then *Meffenger*s doth *Balaam* ſend, they ride
With their rewards unto the rivers ſide,
To *Balaam* Beers Son : To him they tell
There is a people that of late did dwell
In *Egypt*, now come forth, and how they cover
The earth about us, how they lye and hover :
Curſe me this mighty people, I thee pray,
That I may smite and drive them all away,
And ſo prevail ; that I may free my land ;
Bleſſing and curſing, all is in thy hand.
When outward means doth fail a carnall heart,
He'll have recourse to the Magicians art ;
When the croſſe wards of power do ſeem to bar him
He asks of Satan what will he doe for him.

But

But of the true God *Balaam* will enquire,
Then give his answer, or not take the hire
The Messengers; so that they I make abode
With him that night, while he consults with God:
Then they abode, and that night God appear'd
To Prophet *Balaam*, and the matter heard;
And for an answer said, Thou shalt not go,
Or curse this blessed people, I say no:
God hears not sinners when they speak or pray,
Why will he then speak to such men as they?
He speaks to devils; they are devils still,
Because it is no signe of Gods good will:
'Tis not the voyce of God, nor words of sound
That argues love or hatred to abound.
He speaks salvation onely to his Saints,
And to their souls his minde and will acquaints.
Balaam rose up, and sends the men away,
He tells them halfe the words that God did say;
But keeps the rest, that through insinuation
He might beget another contention:
So they departed, and unto *Balak* came,
And told they were refus'd by *Balaam*.
Again more Princes to him *Balak* sent,
More honorable far, away they went;
They came to *Balaam*, him they meekly pray'd
To come and curse this people; and they layd,
Thee to great honor *Balak* will promote,
And he will doe whatever thou shalt vote.

Where will and power doe meet, the world obeys:
 Be violent for heaven, take no delayes.
 And Balak said, If Balaam give me gold,
 And silver too, as much as this house will hold,
 I cannot doe or go beyond the word
 (Be it more or leſſe) of my God, of the Lord.
 Oh Balaam, Balaam, thy God were he indeed,
 Another prohibition would not need; (fill,
 And hadſt thou gold as much as thy house would
 Thy heart holds more, if thou couldſt have thy
 He condescends, & then all night they stay (will.
 While he enquires what more the Lord will say :
 At night God came, and said, With these men goe,
 The word that I shall say, that ſhalt thou doe.
 When God in wrath thus anſwers wicked men,
 He gives them up, he gives them over then
 To ſin and judgement. Now he is ſtupid growne,
 The hope of gain bids him Make haste, Be gone;
 And tells him, Since his anſwer is no worse
 He that bids Goe, may give him leave to curse.
 Balaam is early up, and ne'r the near,
 Saddles his Aſſe, goes voyd of wit or fear;
 Industrious and reſtleſſe he is in
 The thirſting wayes of avarice and ſin.
 Then in the wayes of heaven ſhall we doe leſſe,
 Shal we not riſe as ſoon for bleſſedneſſe ?
 God, now, was wroth with Balaam that he went,
 And to oppose his way, an Angel ſent :

And

And *Balaam* he was riding on his *Affe*
With his two Servants, but they could not passe :
For why? the Angel of the Lord did stand
Full in the way, with a sword drawn in his hand.
What's thy designe? Is it for evill meant ?
Art thou oppos'd ? there's a good Angel in't.
And if the wicked shall finde such restraints,
How will these blessed Spirits guard the Saints ?
The *Affe* had spy'd him, and did turn aside
Out of the way, and would not theret abide :
Then *Balaam* smote the *Affe* into the way,
She went on till she saw the Angel stay
Among the vines, which each side had a wall,
And seeing him, she would not goe at all :
Then *Balaam* smote his *Affe* yet once again,
The Angel then remov'd, stood in a lane
Which was so narrow that she could not passe,
Seeing the Angel, down fell *Balaams* *Affe*.
How should we shame our selves ! the *Affe* sees him
That is invisible ; and is our sight so dim ?
What, sha'll a Beast have eyes behinde, before,
And we in spirituall things can see no more ?
Balaam was wroth, and smote her on the breast ;
God opened then the mouth of the dumb beast :
The beast had sense, but yet it reason wanted ;
Now reasons with her rider, and 'tis granted :
Because him she did mock, he smote her thrice,
Had he a sword he would kill her in a trice :

To *Balaam* then the reasoning Aſſe replide,
Am I not thine, on which thou wontſt to ride :
E'r ſince I thine was, to this very day ;
And did I ever thus ? then he laid Nay :
A Man Aſſe-like to ſpeak, I oft obſerv'd,
An Aſſe Man-like to ſpeak, I never heard.
He that makes ſtones to cry, 'is in his choyce
To give a tongue, and to create a voyce.
God opened *Balaams* eyes, and then he ſaw
The Angel standing, who his ſword did draw,
Juſt in the way, *Balaam* fell down flat,
And then the Angel did expotulate ;
Why didſt thou ſunite the Aſſe ? I went out fierce,
Because thy way before me is perverse :
The Aſſe ſaw me and ſhun'd, with thee did ſtrive,
Else had I ſlain thee, and ſav'd her alive.
When we are going in the wayes of ſin,
And neither fear nor grace can keep us in,
Open our eyes ; let ſome good Spirit ſay ,
There's a deſtroying Angel in the way.
Unto the Angel of the Lord ſaid he,
Loe I have ſinn'd, and knew not it was thee
That stood againſt me ; though I am here come,
If it diſplease thee, I will get me home.
But ſtill the Angel of the Lord ſaid Goe,
What I ſhall ſpeak that ſay and ſay no moe :
Balaam goes on; *Balaam* to meet him went,
Demanded of him why he did abſent

So long; and promis'd him promotion :
Flatters his power to beget devotion.
I wonder *Balaam* should not be afraid
To ride that beast whose voyce had him betray'd.
Lord, whither, whither will ambition drive !
How soon will cursed avarice deprive
Us of our sense and reason ; make us see
A silly beast have more of these then we !
He promis'd fair, but nothing brings to pass :
Balak shall see he never able was
To promote *Balaam* : 'Tis not from East nor West
Promotion comes ; God locks it in his chest.
Balaam confess he had no power at all
To speak; but what God saith, that speak he shall.
First then to one place *Balak* *Balaam* brings,
And there they offer their Burnt-offerings :
Next day he brings them up the hills by art,
That he might see the peoples utmost part :
And *Balaam* said, This place build me upon
Seaven Altars, and each shall be offered on ;
And by his offering, *Balak* must stand by
While *Balaam* went what God would say to try.
Of impudence how full this Sorcerer grew ;
First to solicite false gods, then the true.
Thy wisdome Lord it is so infinit,
That thou canst make a very Magician sic ;
Use wicked men, employ the devils too
To doe thy work, when thou haft work to do :

In *Balaam's* mouth God put a word, and said,
 Return to *Balak*, who by his offering staid
 With all his Peers : The Prophet *Balaam* spake,
 And then took up his Parable : *Balak*
 The King of *Moab* brought me from the East
 To curse this people ; How shall I curse the least
 Who are not curst of God ? or how shall I
 Defie a people God doth not defie :
 Him from the rocks and hills do I behold
 Among the Nations, they shall not be told ;
 The dust of *Jacob* who is he can count,
 Or *Israel's* fourth part, how doth it amount ?
 And look what death the Righteous man die,
 What end he maketh ; such I wish may I.
 And *Balak* said, What hast thou done to me ?
 To curse this people I did send for thee ;
 And thou hast wholly blessed them indeed.
Balaam replied, Must I not take heed
 To what God spake : *Balak* said, Come from hence
 To *Pisgah's* top, that thou mayst curse them thence.
 Then they build Altars ; *Balaam* again enquires,
 Brings the man answer, not to their desires :
 How full of rage, and pride, and adoration
 Are they stil adding to their provocation ! (strange
 To common sense it would have been thought
 That change of place should work in God a
Balaam said, Hearken, God is not as man ; (change.
 Lie or repeat, he neither will nor can ;

Hath

Hath he but said it, he will do no less ;
If he bids Bleſſe, and bleſſeth, I muſt bleſſe :
He ſees in Jacob no iniquity,
Nor yet beholds in Israel obliquity :
The Lord his God as King is with him ſtill,
To rule him with his power as he will :
From Egypt God brought him, where he was born,
And he hath strength as hath an Unicorn.
Gainſt Jacob no Enchantment ſtands, nor Spell,
Nor Divination againſt Israel ;
What God hath wrought for them, like Lyons they
Shall rouse themſelves, ſhall take and eat the prey.
Then Balaam ſays, Nor curse, nor bleſſe at all.
Balaam replyes, What God ſays ſpeak I shall.
Again he brings him to another place
That God would have him curse; he puts the caſe,
More Altars muſt be builte on Peors top,
And there more offerings they muſt offer up.
Shall wicked men be thus importunate
With God, to curse his people, Church and State ;
Sure he expects we ſhould give him no reſt,
Till this our Church and State be better bleſſt.
Then Balaam quits his fruitleſſe Sorceries,
He is altogether now for Prophesies ;
And ſeeing Israel in their Tents abide,
According as their Tribes did them diuid ;
The Spirit of God came on him, he did take
His Parable : The Son of Bear ſpake ;

Thy Tents, Oh Jacob, make a goodly show,
 Spread as the valleys, green as gardens grow,
 And trees which God hath planted by the brook,
 And watred when that he the bucket took ;
 His King and Kingdome shall exalted be,
 He came from Egypt ; none so strong as he :
 He shall devour his foes the Nations, (bones ;
 He shall shoot through them, he shall break their
 He couched as a Lyon, down he lay
 As a great Lyon, hinder him who may ;
 He that doth blesse thee, he shall blessed be,
 He shall be cursed, if he shall curse thee.
 Balak was very wroth, and smote his hands,
 Told Balaam, he had crossed his commands ;
 And therefore bids him fly unto his place ;
 In stead of honor he hath reapt disgrace.
 The foolish Sinner, when he doth begin
 To hearken to the promises of sin ;
 It leads him up the hill of hope, to spy
 Some rare good out ; and when he is up on high,
 He sees the rocks that he is run upon,
 Shame, hell, and death, endlesse destruction.
 Then Balaam said, I told thy men and thee
 That I must say what God did say to me :
 Ile advertise thee, now I goe away,
 What they shall doe to thine in the latter day ;
 Then I shall see him, but I shall not now ;
 I shall behold him, but not neer I know :

And

And out of *Jacob* there shall come a Star,
And Scepter too, and they shall smite by war,
Destroy the Corners of the *Moabites*,
Of *Sheb*, and *Seir*, and the *Edomites* ;
And *Israel* shall doe very valiant things,
Cities they shall destroy, and rule as Kings.
And upon *Amalek* then looked he,
Perish for ever; that thy end shall be.
He looked on the *Kenite*, and he said,
Strong is thy dwelling place, thy nest is laid
Safe in a Rock, yet wasted shalt thou be,
Abur shall lead thee to Captivity.
Now all this while did *Israel* lie still,
And little thought that there was so much ill
Flotted by *Balaam* and the *Moabite* ;
Though God did frustrate all their wrath & spite,
And brought the curse they laboured upon them,
A long and sore affliction he laid on them.
These unbelievers could not enter in,
In after ages ye may finde this sin
Charged by God himself upon their score,
Excluding them ten generations more
From *Israel* congregations, Gods delight,
Both from religious and from civill right.
Shall divine Justice punish *Moabites*
With such severity, shall *Amorites*
And *Ammonites* feel such a heavy stroke,
What shall his people doe when they provoke

And

And stir up wrath in this consuming fire,
 If mercy doe not soon appease his ire !
 When *Solomon* had mixt the holy seed
 By enter-marriage with these Heathenish breed,
 After their gods they turn away his heart,
 Set him adoring for each Wives god apart ;
Chemosb and *Molech*, each abomination
 Must have a High-place fitted to his fashion ;
 He sacrificeth on these Altars new,
 And serves their false gods, they serve not the true :
 This lost the Kingdome from the royall race,
 This stirr'd up enemies to possesse his place ;
 The Lord was wroth, and brought affliction in
 Upon the seed of *David* for this sin.
 And *Balaam* spake this Parable alas,
 And who shall live when God brings this to pass :
 From *Cbittim* ships shall come, and they shall sever
Eber and *Ashur*, both shall perish ever.
Balaam rose up, he had no more to say,
 Went to his place; and *Balaam* went away.

Oh *Israel*, *Israel*, this deliverance
 Never to be forgotten, still advance
 Unto the prayses of the highest Lord,
 And live those prayses too upon record ;
 Behold the goodnessse of the Lord, to minde
 His people of their duty, as ye finde

In Prophet *Micah*, that they all might know
Those righteous ways among them he did goe.

The Story is ended, might I deliver mine
Opinion of it, none is more divine
In sweet expressions: Prophetic of old
Came not by will of man, as Peter told;
But holy men of God that were beloved
Spake by the holy Ghost, as they were moved.

Lastly; This proves not *Balaam* a holy man,
A Soothsayer he was when he began,
And still remained so: Gods voyce did passe
But through this Prophet as it did through the
(Aſſe.)

When we take any enterprise in hand,
Put to the Question; Is it Gods command?

Jonah



Jonah expounded, with Notes.

The Wise man said (or wisest of the Kings)
 Where Wisdom speaks, she speaks of excellent
 Not to be valued, so transcendent high, (things
 That all the rest of books could ne'r come nigh
 The sacred Scriptures, every page and line
 Seems to have somewhat, no man can define;
 All's very good, and written for our use,
 Yet some more proper are for us to chuse :
 'Mongst all the Stories told in sacred Writ,
 Jonah's Propheticks they do suite and fit
 My present purpose : 'Tis a fourfold Story
 Of Gods great mercy, patience, goodnesse, glory
 To Jonah mercy, whose name imports a Dove,
 But swels in wrath 'gainst him that sits above ;
 The seas he storms, and they no rest will take,
 But roll, and tosse, till he his rest have brake ;
 The Sea-men mldst their sadness and distresse
 Doe taste Gods goodnesse, and do it confess ;
 The Ninevites his patience see, and do
 Fall to repent, and God repents him too ;
 The City's spared, and Jonah swels in ire ;
 Receives a check, and that puts out the fire.

CHAP

C H A P. I.

JONAS the Prophet, and *Amitias* Son, [v.1.1.]
His Warrant shews, or his Commission ;
From heaven there came an unexpected Word
Unto his ear, the Author was the Lord,
He spake to *Jonah*, and he said, I pity,
Get up and goe to *Niniveb* the City,
The Metropolis of *Affyria*, and
Her Monarchs seat, and Head of all the Land ;
Her Merchants were as those celestial lights,
Her Princes such as stars shine forth in the nights ;
From *Shinar* land of old when *Azur* came
He built the City, he gave it the name ;
It was so great, so large, so excellent,
In going through it, two dayes would be spent,
It was a stately and a wealthy place,
Glorious for buildings, and for better grace
Had fifteen hundred Turrets, and the ground
Four hundred eighty furlongs in the round :
Here did the Nobles, Courtiers, Councel meet,
Here did the Judges, Lawyers, Commons greet ;
Here were the wite and learned, that did eye
The Prophet *Jonah* to oppose his cry,
To cry against them : Is't not a dangerous thing,
They had no Prophets, nor no prophelying ?

Jonas

Jonas might think, Can I doe any good
 Among these Heathen and Idolatrous brood;
 Whose sins for vengeance had a long time cryed
 So loud, that wrath could not be pacifyed;
 Their pride, their bloud, their cruelty, their lies,
 Their thefts, their witchcrafts, filthy Sodomies,
 All had their cry, and this their cry was great
 Before the Lord, that mercy made retreat:
 Goe cry against them Jonas, doe not stay;
 Where God commands, the Prophet must obey.
 Jonas arose, and more then goes, he flies; [v.3]
 Is't the right way, there no transgression lies;
 He knew 'twas blissfull, joyfull, when he went
 To run the ways of Gods commandement.
 Who runs that way, he maketh it his main
 Designe to run so that he may obtain.
 Oh blinde, blinde Seer, thou art gone astray,
 And thou art fled the clean contrary way:
 Fled from thy fear! thou hadst better make a stan
 Then fly the obedience due to Gods command;
 Then fly that face that no man ever saw,
 Whose presence thought on keeps us all in awe.
 The un:odly sinner, where shall he appear,
 To fly his presence, what course can he steer?
 Jonas knew this, this aggravates his sin,
 Terrors nor conscience could not keep him in: The
 A ship he bounds to Tharsis, which was bound
 At Japhers shore, and then doth wrath surround, Hea

The Prophet *Jonah* : Lord, who is so blind
As is thy servant whom thou hast design'd
To doe thy work, thy work that he should hate,
And buy repentance at so dear a rate?

Jonas is gone according to his mind ; [v.4.]

A nimble pursevant, a mighty wind

Is sent from heaven to seise him, to enthrall ;

Jonas must know his rise, his sin, his fall :

A boisterous whirlie that sailleth in the air

Bestorms the ship, when all was calm and fair.

Where God's in wrath, there nothing is in peace,

His words despis'd, doe ye loock the storm should

Base disobedience is so foul a sin, (cease ?

That cryes aloud till it bring vengeance in :

It unshipt *Jonas*, *Adam* it dispossest

Of Paradise : the Angels could not rest

In heaven for it ; *Soul* he lost his life

And Kingdome too : Remember *Let* his Wife.

This wind what was it, but a created breath

Extract from God to serve him from beneath,

For he it was that flew upon the win. s

Of this great winde to do miraculous things :

A mighty tempest made the sea to roare,

Afraid the sea-men were, and troubled sore. [v.5.]

Sea-men they should be holy, pious, just,

They offer up their souls to every gulf ;

But these *Barbarians* they are far from such,

Heathens of sundry Nations) fearing much

The storm, but not the stormer, as they ought,
The shipwrack that so dearly they had bought :
Each Sea-man serves that God himself apart,
That nature hath imprinted on his heart ;
To him they pray, and in their praying cry,
That he an answer would them not deny ;
And then the means they use for preservation ;
Their order's right, and serves for imitation :
Forth of the ship are thrown the weightyest wares,
It is their hearts to lighten of their cares.
Alas, what are the riches of this world !
To save our lives away they must be hurl'd.
The wares are gone, but yet these men do find
The greatest burthen's in the ship behind :
Jonas his sin that wakes and calls for tears,
In the ships keel he sleeps devoyd of fears.
The guilty sinner alwayes fearing ill,
Lower and lower he descendeth still ;
A spirit of slumber him is sent to take
In judgement, and his conscience could not wake.
Jonas take thou thy rest, henceforth sleep on
Eternally : Is not thy God now gone ?
Oh no poor Jonas, he that sleepeth not,
Nor slumbereth, mercy he hath not forgot ;
Among the pots thou mayst lye for a space,
Smitten into the very dragons place,
Yet with the wings and feathers of a dove
Brought forth thou shalt be by the God of love.

The ships Commander he unto him came, [v.6.]
Wak'd him and call'd him by his proper name,
And said, Arise, and call upon thy God
To give us safety, to take off his rod,
To eye and minde us, and be pleas'd to swage
The stormy winds, and boisterous blasts that rage,
Nor prayers, nor cryes, nor casting out of wares,
Nor wakening *Jonah*, all their toyls nor cares
Calm not the storm: A course the Sea-men take,
Of this the cause to know, and for whose sake
The sea's so troubled then; the last of plots [7.]
Concluded is, that they will cast their lots:
The lots were cast, the lot on *Jonah* fell,
To him they said, Come on, we pray thee tell
Who caus'd this ill, that threatens our lives, our all,
The course of life thou lead'st, what is't, thy thrall?
Another asks his Country, whence he came; [v.8.]
A third inquires, what's their peoples name.
In straits now *Jonah* was, and now the dread
Of God besets him; he from whom he fled:
An Hebrew I am, said he, I fear and fly [v.9.]
The Lord that made the heavens and the sky,
The raging sea, and all that's in the land,
Thinking to scape his presence and his hand.
When they this heard, the men were sore afraid,
And askt him what it was that him so sway'd
To voyd and fly the presence of his God,
And see and feel his angry smarting rod.

I have a sacred calling so to stand
 As Angels doe, ready at his command ;
 I went from God (woe is me !) without his leave
 When I commission from him did receive. [v.10.]
 The Sea-men heard, with fears and cares they are
 The working sea is betempested and tost; (crost,
 What's to be done, they know not, what shall we
 (Say they, by way of question) do to thee? [v.11.]
 Shall we dispatch the Prophet, shall we stay
 And save a sinner that did fly away?
 Or supplicate, or offer sacrifice?
 Thy punishment do thou thy self devise :
 So debonair these Heathen people were,
 Deeply involv'd in danger every where ;
Jonas is guilty, they in jeopardy,
 The angry sea that doth their patience try ;
 Still they delay, and doe consult together
 To save this Sleeper in this sea-foul weather :
 They did and doe their duties, for the will
 And Word of God they surely shall fulfill :
 Now *Jonas* on himself doth sentence passe,
 Wrestles with death, dares look it in the face ; [12.]
 His sin he ownes, and he prefers no plea,
 Take me, saith he, cast me into the sea :
 And to the end they may the sooner try it,
 He tells them that's the way the sea to quiet ;
 He saith, he knew 'twas for his sake alone
 The tempest rose, and will not else be gone :

23
22

Jonah expounded.

He knew the waves did follow him so fast,
The God of vengeance caus'd it to make halfe ;
His fins he sees, the waves where it did fit,
And by these waves he would be washt from it.
Except the guilties there shall no mans life
At all be question'd, his shall end the strife :
And herein he is a type of Christ, 'tis said,
That dy'd for his on whom that sin was laid.
And yet the Sea-men, oh how loath they were
To throw him over, they'l rather try to beare [13.]
The tempest, though the sea and waves wrought
They plough the sea, and fall to tug the oare; (sore,
Goodnesse of nature that had some command
Upon their hearts, they strive the ship to land,
To save the Prophet from the Prophets words,
Something imprints, some glimpse of light affords:
Their measure is a most deceitfull line
That kill or hurt without a speciall signe.
These Ignorants, if they doe make such stayes,
How should we Christians that doe know Gods
Tender our brethren? for we are compact (ways,
As members all to Christ, by Christs own act.
The sea so wrought that all attempts were vain,
His will must stand that did his end ordain :
Believe the Word, The bodies exercise
Nought profiteth : the Spirit maketh wise.
His intercessions for us, that's theoar
That rows us all unto the heavenly shoar.

C 3

They

They cry unto the Lord; it's much, they pray [14]
 To him whose knowledge is but of a day.
 The wind blows where it list, not ty'd to laws,
 None comes to Christ, but whom the Father draws:
 They ingeminate their words, with humble frame
 Calling upon the great Jehovah's name;
 Let us not perish Lord for this our fault,
 Impute no sin to this unwilling act;
 This guilelesse blood lay not upon our score,
 We would have sav'd him, we could doe no more.
 Thus they forgot his injuries and wrongs,
 The losse of all that unto them belongs;
 And if reformed nature shall doe thus,
 There's more forgivenes sure requir'd of us. (done,
 What thou wert pleas'd, say they, Lord thou hast
 And from thy will as yet thou art not gone:
 Look what the lot informs, what he affirms,
 What the angry sea bids doe on any tearms,
 That in thy counsels thou hast brought about,
 Thou hast decree'd the Prophets casting out: [15]
 Jonah they took, the Seer he's cast forth,
 They us'd him nobly, as a man of worth,
 And gently in their arms be born he shall
 With reverence; it's a Prophets funeral.
 And thus both I that write, and you that read,
 Ere long shall be cast forth among the dead:
 If God doe thus unto the greenest tree,
 This day, this night may make an end of me.

As soon as ere his sacred body is cast
Into the deep, the storms are whist and past.
So soon the waves and storms are pacified,
When God in his commands is gratified;
Not satisfied; even after death this mind,
No end of wrath in God or man we find.
Then next 'tis said, the men the Lord did fear, [16]
And doe therein exceed; for every where
This is the use we make of every wonder,
To fear and tremble as men doe in thunder:
Their sacrifices offered, that's the next,
And then made vows; The meaning of this Text
By best Expounders, is, That they intend
To offer; or they praise, and will amend,
And vow from henceforth they will never swerve
From this great God they had begun to serve,
By whose assistance they were made so wise
To bring the Prophet to his obsequies,
And of him thought they ne'r should hear at all
Out of this deep: But deep on deep doth call,
And *Jonah* die he shall not; one commands
The seas, the rocks, the fish, the heavens, the lands,
A monster for a coffin in that grave
He finds, whereby the Prophets life to save.
Thus saith the Lord, My thoughts and all my ways
Are not as yours, with me is no delays;
You must not judge my actions, till you see
The last of them are brought to passe by mee:

All men are lyars, the Pen-mans pen is vain,
 The vision stays his time, yet comes again :
 This Eloah with his Almighty hand
 Prepar'd a fish that was at his command; [v.17.]
 The huge great Whale, the Monster of the seas,
 The Prince of pride, whom all the fish do please;
 Leviathan the great and strong, whose fin
 Overthrows the ships ; being made to play therein,
 When great winds rise, & when they strongly blow
 He is in the bottome of the Sea below ;
 The moving waves they rous'e the angry beast,
 Who swims aloft, to hunt, to catch, to feast ;
 Close by the ship, his Makers will to follow,
 Sups up the Prophet, *Jonas* he doth swallow.
 Look whatsoever *Jonas* doth befall
 In every cadence, 'tis the Lord doth all,
 Wonders he works ; even by his sacred words
 Works faith, where reason no beleef affords ;
 Is't not a wonder, that so huge a fish
 Should save the Prophet far beyond his wish ?
 And that the fish unsensible of mone,
 Without a bruise or breaking of a bone, (nights,
 Should send him down, and keep three days, three
 In that vast cave wherein dark were the lights ?
 This very figure is by Christ applyed
 In Scripture to his buriall, who dyed
 The ninth hour ; and in the evening of that day
 His precious body in the grave they lay ;

And

And there our Saviour rested all that night ,
Next day and night ; and by the morning light
Betimes the third day then he rose again:
Whereby it doth appear that he had lain
Hid in the bowels of the earth no more
Then thirty and six hours, as before
Jonas had done in the bowels of that hell,
The Prototype, the shade and type foretell.
'Tis ordred so, the Mariners shall give
Him to the sea, the sea to let him live,
Presents him to a Whale, and by a call
The Whale delivers him to the Lord from thrall .
To Nineveh the Lord him sends : Thereby
We learn that fins they will not let us lyse
Safe in a ship, though wrapped ne'r so warm ;
When the devouring deep shall never harm
The humble tinner : mercy he cannot miss
From him that knows how to deliver his.
If that the Lord had not on my side been,
Jonas might say, my death I should have seen,
But now I live and breath from this my tombe,
As safe as he that's hid in his mothers wombe.

C H A P. II.

Then to the Lord his God the Prophet pray'd
 Out of the fishes belly, and he said [v.1.]
 Unto the Lord, In my affliction I
 Did send to heaven my sad and wofull cry ;
 The Lord did hear, and *Jonah* sav'd that fear'd ;
 Saith God to him, Thy supplication's heard. [2.]
 In the ship he snort'd when the Sea-men spake,
 Ith' belly of the fish he is awake,
 In faith and hope his soul doth now advance,
 And meditate a new deliverance :
 Keep me, O Lord, untill thy wrath be past,
 And then return and help, O Lord make haft :
 Hide me, but hide not from me, doe not stay.
 Is any man afflicted? let him pray.
 He was encourag'd to petition this,
 And God by experience can he not call his ?
 'Twas mercy that the waters choakt him not,
 And that he liv'd where death was in the pot.
 Out of the deep of deeps did *Jonah* call,
 And had this answer, God alone doth all ;
 And though he's in this noysome vault ('tis well
 He was not cast into the lowest hell)
 That is his house of Prayer, he speaks his mind,
 And will ye give his words unto the wind?

His tone is altered, his language that is new,
His grief is great, his miseries not a few
Before he pray'd, but now he cryes and cryes,
God bears and hears him in the straight he lies.
Thus when the Father of our spirit chastens
Us for our sin, he makes his way and hastens
The quiet fruit of righteousness; and oft
The soul hath found it, and triumphs aloft;
Hearing and answering unto mans desire,
Gives satisfaction to the patient cryer.
And now there follows a narration
Of this his prayer and exeration;
Wherein his danger amply is describ'd,
With hope of his deliverance contriv'd.
Terrors and fears, on one side ye may finde,
Sad desperations and dejects of minde;
The best of joyes and blisses that accost
On the other, Comforts of the holy Ghost.
Tis thus, in this our irksome pilgrimage,
Our entertainment 'tis in every age
The world affords us, Son thou hadst thy pleasure,
That will be past, repent whilest thou hast leisure:
Here's hope and fear, and fear and hope conjoyn'd,
Fear acts the greatest part in *Jonah's* mind:
(Thou hast cast me) which notes a violence,
A disregard of God for his offence;
Gods wrath so long upon him did abide,
That he thought God had thrown him quite aside,

Into the very bottome of the lake,
 Into the midſt or heart of that to make
 His heart more ſad, within thofe ſecret cels,
 So great his danger could be no where elſe :
 The Whale had born him fartheſt from the ſhore,
 Into the channel where the waters rore ;
 Not ſea, but ſeas, where many waters met,
 His voyage was not limited nor fet,
 Within the Syriack ſea ; for he from thence
 Paſt the Cilician, from the Ægean hence
 Unto Propontis : ſo unto the rode
 He after lands (a judgement juſt of God)
 From whom he fled, when that there was no need,
 He ſhould beforc'd at laſt to fly indeed ;
 Untill his manumiflion and diſcharge
 To land him, and to fet his feet at laſt :
 Nor yet till floods had compaſt him about,
 And tane all hope of ever getting out :
 A conflux here's of ebs and flows together,
 Of waves and ſurges that arife by weather :
 He ſays that all thy billows and thy waves
 So paſſe me over as ſo many graves.
 And all are ſent of God to execute
 His wrath againſt this diſobedient brute ;
 And over him all paſſe and him keep under,
 That he can ne'r get out without a wonder.
 The words are *Davids*, and the argument,
Jonas applies it to his own intent :

Which

Which shews that he had diligently read
The Psalms, and much by them had profited :
Out of thy sight (this made him say) I am cast,
His erring conscience did not say it in haft ;
Which shews his weaknesse, and his great distrust,
So to conclude himself it had been just.
But *Jonas* you misjudge, It is not true,
The Lord hath never yrt said so of you ;
The bottome of the sea is out of sight
To mortall man, it is as dark as night ;
But yet the Lord with his al-seeing eye
Doth pierce the waves, his present help is nie ;
And he can say unto the sea, Restore
And bring my servant when I call, to shore.
He is almost down, the foot of *Jonas* slips,
He spake most unadvised with his lips ;
But he recruits, and washeth off his stain,
And says in hope, Yet will I look again [v.4.]
Towards thy holy Temple, and the place
Thine honour dwels in, though yet for a space
From thence I am remov'd far off ; Return,
Return O *Sbulamite*, return, return !
Return in minde and hope, for thou hast wings
And eyes of faith, that pierce through hidden
The New *Jerusalem*, the Temple there, (things ;
An heavenly Temple, faith sees every where :
In time from all the floods he may get out,
The Lord all those that fear him are about : [s.]
But

But here's the sorrow, here's the height of grief,
The waves yet nigh, surround his soul, his chief;
'Tis a description of his further troubles,
His grief's augmented, and his sorrow doubles;
Death all this while was not esteem'd a stranger,
Yet now his present life is most in danger;
He did not onely feel this bitter cup,
Or lightly tasted it, but drank it up;
The ingredients of it he could well discern,
The temper of it was not now to learn.
The depth is said to close him round about,
As bottomlesse, from whence there's none gets out;
The weeds he says were wrapt about his head,
The sedge and trash, the which the waters bred;
Not so deserted, as those souls that call
To hills and mountains upon them to fall;
The bars of the earth were ever him about, [v 6.]
And bars (you know) they must be strong & stout;
Bars of the earth, that is, the strongest rocks,
The frontiers God hath plac'd, whereby he locks
The force of waters in: the Prophet he
Was lockt within the strength of the earth to be;
The land he left, that yeelds but little peace,
In the watry channels miseries increase.
Thus was he oft incumbred in great straights,
As one that is opprest with grievous weights;
The earth gave him no rest upon the plain,
But claspt him under grievous rocks again;

He

Held him close prisoner under strongest bars,
His conscience seems with him to be at wars.
What means for ever else, how comes that in ?
How is our nature haunted with this sin
Of unbelief in straits ? Did he not know
The promis'd safety ? Was his heart so low
Of faith to credit, that the time to glad
His soul was come ; that was so dark and sad,
The time of his refreshing was to come,
That he shbuld rise again, and be brought home.
Little the difference sometimes is between
The precious and the vilest to be seen :
In *Jonah*'s breast there's grief and sorrow pent,
But it had ease when once it got a vent ;
Thou art my hope, though I am very low,
O save my soul, do thou thy servant know ! (far,
Thus when your hands and tongues are gone too
Correct your thoughts, and bring them to the bar,
Say yet with *Jonah*, Lord my God, oh save
My life from death, deliver from the grave :
Faith is the evidence of things not seen,
Hope speaks of future things as they had been,
From death and danger 'tis the Lord repreveth,
I know (faith *Job*) that my Redeemer liveth.
Why art thou (*David* said) my soul cast down,
And in me why disquieted so soon ?
Trust still in God, for I will yet him praise
For that his help and presence all my dayes ;

Living and dying hope shall make me see
 The day when by my name God will own me,
 And finish all my sorrows, right my wrongs,
 Tread down mine enemies, root out al fals tongucs
 Of flattering Markismen that have shot their words
 Smooth to the face, their whispers keen as swords.
 When God shall wipe those tears that me annoy,
 Pour in and fill me with the oyl of joy :
 When (yet) shall come, my soul make no delays,
 Him for his helping presence to give prayse.
 The soul of *Jonas* in him faint it might, [v.7.]
 So may the courses of the day and night,
 And so the Sun and Moon may fail their motion,
 The Earth may totter on her props, the Ocean
 In time may empty by strong winds and sail,
 The mighty Word of God will never fail :
Jonas in time this Word of God records ;
 Or rather this remembrance was the Lords :
 What is the body to the excellent part
 The soul ? if wounded, there's the hideous smart ;
 The body is earth, but if the soul doe dye
 It doth for ever in perdition lye ;
 His soul in its extremity is let
 To such desponding, in despair as yet
 Wrapt up within it self, it had no list
 To think of heaven, or seek out a Christ ;
 For all his thoughts did but increase his sore,
 They all fell back, and did perplex him more ;

He seems (to others) to lie in a trance,
And knows not how one prayer to advance :
Thus he that's plagu'd with fainting fits you see
In soul consummates up his miserie :
No mischiet in the sea, or land, no rack,
As when distrust is beating the soul black.
When soul and lite, and all did him forsake,
None but the Lord his God can him up take,
And him recover with a pitying eye.
Hath God forgotten to be gracious, by
Some discontinuance ? no, his hold is fast,
He's first in love, and he's in love the last ;
When he no being had, nay worse, when he
It gave against his love resistance, we
Then made : when God hath set our hearts at large,
Oh then remember him, 'tis thy discharge :
And thus remembering God, his prayer came in
Unto the Lord ; it was not flopt by sin.
Let fainting souls remember God, as he,
For they that know thy name, will trust in thee.
His prayer's ended, he himself betakes [v.8.]
To his confession, he his prayses makes,
Reproves the Idol-worshippers, and layes
The sin before them, and their wicked wayes :
Now they that trust in lying vanities
He much contemns, disdains, and vilifies,
He pities them that love no better blisse
Then empty shadows, the solid joys they misse :

D

Nothing

Nothing hath more the common people won,
 They'r all in love with works that they have don:
When Gods true service doth not so well stand
 With their affections, 'cause 'tis his command:
He doth not onely mean by vanities
 The Idols which have neither ears, nor eyes,
 Nor hands to wipe the dust from off their face;
 But all that doth the right of God displace,
 And vigorously transports our hope and heart,
 That is our Ido', that's the devils art ;
Jonah his guile was this Idolatry,
 When he from God betook himselfe to fly :
This God of his owne framing did beguile,
 This lying vanity did him defile.
An Idol's nothing in the world we see,
 Nothing to that which we suppose 't to be ;
There's nought in it, but shades, and frauds, & lies,
 Proceeding from the crafty God of lies,
 And persuades his children, 'tis his pleasure
That they should Idols frame, & make their trea-
 And he that trusts in them, he surely lyeth, (sure.
 And wood, and stone adores and delihest :
 This Idoll help to give, doth promise make,
 But can give none, who would it not forsake ?
These all are vain, though ne'r so rich and fair,
 As enupy as the clouds, mists, winds, i'th air :
 Mercy forsakes not them, but they their owne
 Mercies forsake, they ever first are gone

From

From God ; they have extinguished mercy quite,
Have sent a farewell to 't, and lost their light,
Wholly renouncing it, and do embrace
These lying sh'ds in stead of saving grace .
But *Jesu* saith, He sacrifice to thee, [v. 9.]
And pay thee tribute for thy help to mee ;
My vows I pay, my sacrifices all
The Law requires, the Gospel thine doth call ;
The high thanksgiving of a lowly spirit,
This intmost service which can have no merit :
This is the rightest and the richest vow,
To give thy self, and to perform it now .
This is a pension that we owe of due,
A seal to us our thankfulness is true :
The sum or morall lyeth in these words,
(We sacrifice) Salvation is the Lords :
The Sea-men bear this on their heads that night,
The *Ninewites* must on their gates it write ;
And all mankinde doth know this to be true,
The Testaments doe speak, both Old and New ;
The birds in the air no other sounds affords,
Echoing this out, *Salvation is the Lords*.
'Tis his free-will, not ours, that us doth save,
Blesse, and preserve, and uphold all we have.
With patience now hath *Jesu* brookt his tryal,
Escap'd all dangers, learned self-denyal, [v. 10.]
Is now arriving by a happy chance
Unto the haven of deliverance :

At the judicial hour of seventy wo,
In greatest sicknesses, which Doctors doe
Take judgement for the cure of a disease ;
This is the time that *Jonas* (if he please)
May have his freedome from his under-hatches,
And passe, as *Peter*, first and second watches ;
All's full of miracle, the Lord he spake
Unto the fish; we know his word can make
The cure, as well as he can give the wound,
He smote the Patient, he can make him sound:
The Deeps might say, He shall not see the shore,
He's tunk so deep, he shall be seen no more.
Once *Jonas* fear'd he was cast out of sight,
Yet knew he trusted in a God of mght ;
He onely spake the word, that was his hand,
He made the light, the waters, and dry land ;
And he made *Jonah* too, he made the Whale
Deliver up his prisoner without baile :
It is not meant, that God should use a tongue
To speak to him as some have thought, as long
As he hath power to work his will, his minde,
By his commands, as all the creatures finde,
He can infuse a knowledge, and impart
To senseleffe creatures what is in his heart.
When it is said, The Lord spake to the fish,
Then he compell'd it, doe his will and wish
Against its nature, to let out of dore
The Prophet, and to bring him to the shore ;

It cast out *Jonas* (casting seems to note)
Surcharged stomach, and disgorging throte,
Which is offended, and cannot digest,
But must unload before he be at rest.
Into the fish when he at first descended,
'Twas not for prey, for safety 'twas intended;
Therefore the fish now casts him on the land,
Upon some place where he receiv'd command;
Then as a living soul he walks the earth,
As one that had obtain'd another birth.
Here is a light of comfort to all those
That in affliction lie immured close,
In deepest darknesse, and the shade of death,
View well this strange Inlargement from beneath.
Christ rose from death to life, as this divine
Story hath shew'd, by Christ is made a signe
To unbelieving Jews, them to direct
To Christ alive; but 't would not take effect:
He is alive, though he was dead before,
Behold he is alive for evermore.

C H A P. III.

[v. 1.]

Of disposition here's a great wrought change,
 A new Commission *Jonas* hath; it's strange
 The second time, the Lord that is above
 Renews his charge, and speaks to him in love,
 'Tis the propension of the naturall
 Man, to decline; nay, from his God to fall,
 Unlesse he be renew'd continually,
 Through Gods great mercy, and his clemency;
 But he doth more for *Jonas*, he shall be
 A Prophet still, none so belov'd as he,
 As highly h' is in honor as before;
 The wise by smiting will break forth no more.
 Goe *Jonas* forth to *Niszech*, arise;
 By which his will unto the work he tryes, (know,
 Her strength, her greatness, that may make you
 Her pride, her splendor shall be laid down low.
 Goe preach Repent, to Father and to Mother,
 They may a Daughter win, and she a Brother:
 Win but the Queen, and she may win the King,
 They may their Subjects to conversion bring,
 And to repentance; every one may win
 His neighbour too, grace makes them all a kin:
 Preach thou to them, as I bid thee; the word
 That thou dost preach, it is my bow and sword;

Thou

Thou shalt not add unto this Prophesie,
Or yet diminish, Gods Word will not lie ;
Which saith, that God, his name, that is so rash
To sin, out of the book of life will dash :
Woe to them, woe, they're unsent by him that liveth,
They are dreadfull strokes his iron scepter gives ;
With the Prophet *Jonas* here, it is not so,
He goes and never disputes it, God saith go
To *Nineveh*, that's his propounded mark,
He knows his rule he goes by, in the dark ;
According to the Word of God he goes
Convinc'd of error, forthwith he arose ;
Labor and rest are sanctified of God
On earth, in heaven (where is his abode)
Know this, if we in time of labour rest,
In time of quiet we shall be oppress'd.
Oh that his Word our wayes might so direct,
To all his statutes to give great respect.
Great *Nineveh*'s describ'd here by the way,
So noble, and so stately, as he should say,
'Tis a renowned City, very fair,
And situated in a pleasant air :
'Twas three dayes journev, twenty miles a day ;
When he had past the first, he made a stay,
And at the gates, his Prophesie he begins,
And set himselfe to cry against their sins ;
They him did hear, and not prolong the space
Of their conversion, first offers of Gods grace.

Here's more of wonders stil; I should have thought
 That such a Messenger of ill that brought
 In welcome tydings, they should mock or scorn,
 Or him in rage, in pieces to have torn,
 For troubling quiet mindes, or throwing stoners,
 For raising tumults, or for casting bones
 About the streets; or in a smoother way,
 We can not bear the words that thou dost say,
 To tell us of our mighty Monarchs death;
 'Tis not *Jerusalem* where thou drawst breath,
 Nor little *Judah*, and to tell us all
 Of all our deaths in this great Capitall.
 But *Nineveb* 'tis of another make,
 The Messenger they reverence, when he spake,
 Who cry'd aloud to them by morning light,
 And persever'd therein till it was night,
 With thundring voyce till all his strength was
 Yet forty dayes thou shalt be overthrown; (gon,
 The time prefixt, was not too long, lest they
 Their penitence defer from day to day;
 Nor yet too short, lest they should then despair,
 And murmur too, because they straitened are:
 So here's the number set of forty dayes,
 To shew Gods goodnesse, and exalt his prayse:
 Forty years long, the generation
 Of his owne people of the Jewish Nation,
 Had griev'd him sore, that he sware for their sin
 Into his rest they ne'r should enter in.

But

But how can God pronounce against a place,
judgement sore, prefixing time and place
of forty dayes ; yet in an hundred years
The truth of this denounced ne'r appears ;
This we must know, with God it is not strange,
To change his will, or else to will a change ;
And sometimes God his purposes reveals,
And then at other times he them conceals,
And *Nimrod* at last it was deft'oy'd,
And *Nahum* was the Prophet was employ'd,
Sudden woe it to pronounce upon,
To be translated into *Babylon* :
At first he spau'd them, though his wrath did burn,
At them at length did over overturn :
When *Nimrod* repents, there is with thee
Mercy, and therefore feared shalt thou be.
The people now repents, believeth in God, [v.5.]
Reclaims a fast, because of this his rod ;
Great, so deep a humiliation,
I never read the like of any Nation ;
Speedy, great, found turning she began,
With the outward and the inner man :
Perhaps they had read the word of God, that faith,
possible it is without true faith
To please God ; for he must believeth God is,
And that he is rewarder of all his.
All the Prophets which the Lord did own,
Only is sent, and by one sentence thrown

By

By him to them, in one part of the City,
And all repent, and God to all shews pity ;
Unto that voyce their hearts and ears they lent,
And to the prophetic they yeeld consent
Forthwith to turn to him that is on hie,
Because he is a God that cannot lie.

Some of the *Rabbins* think that they had heard
Of *Jonah* strange escape, and therefore fear'd,
And hoped too, by humbling they might tast
His saving grace, and so they call'd a fast.
It's not the empty stomach, voyce, or sound,
The sack-cloth garments, the lying on the ground
It is the inward change, not outward signes,
The sins within thy soul, they are the mines
That must be digg'd; for by thy abstinence
From food, by hungering for thy offence:
'Tis grief of heart that God takes pleasure in,
The humble soul gets pardon for his sin ;
There's nothing pleaseth God, like godly sorrow
A feast is gone to day, that lasts to morrow.
The sins in which the *Ninewites* abound,
Their luxuries they brought them to the ground
They therefore fast from meat, from drink, & soe
Their vain delights they make them wall & weare
They come in coursest dresse of mean attire,
The vilest weeds suit best with their desire;
No Prince, nor Peer, nor young, nor old must ride
Nor Mother, nor the childe that drew the brest alike

All shall be chang'd alike, there's none they spare
How weak soever or Infirm they are.
The way and method that they went in sped;
And thus they were unto repentance led.
For here 'tis laid that word came to the King, [6]
He calls a councell, will not hide the thing;
They made an act the wrath of heaven to stay,
To keep an humbling, soul-afflicting day,
And to draw forth the Peers, and all the rest,
The King's the first that smiteth on the breast;
Your Rulers let them rule in such a case,
Borrowes and tears appearing in their face.
This King, the proudest Monarch *Asia* had,
The scourge of all the world, both good and bad,
Yet from his royll seat, and from his throne
Monarchicall, where he did it alone,
He straight arose, disrob'd himself of all
His gold and purple vesture, and it shall
be thrown away, and bid a farewell too,
The least of service now it cannot doe
So much as sack-cloth can, where in he's clad
From top to toe, from the foot to the head;
And this great change it nothing him abashes,
Wor he's content to sit in heaps of ashes:
Why art thou proud, Oh earth and ashes, why?
Bumble thy selfe, see thy mortality;
I laid that ye are Gods, but ye shall die
Like vulgar men, that do on dung-hils lie;

And

And as fresh rivers into salt seas tend,
 So shall in basenesse al your honors end :
 In bitternesse shall end the worlds lent pleasure,
 In emptinesse shall end the worlds lost treasures;
 The garments of the world shall all be turn'd
 To nakednesse ; the riches shall be burn'd ;
 Before the Lord our Maker let us fall,
 He that creates, preserves he not us all ?
 The King commands the Princes they consent,
 The people they obey, all are content, [v.7.]
 At if they all were but a single man,
 One head, one heart; to hinder nothing can :
 It was the unction of Gods Spirit sure, (pure :
 That made their hearts so good, their mindes so
 But now their preaching's like the drops of rain
 Fall upon marble stones, are most in vain,
 Unless the God of unity and love,
 Speaks to the heart and conscience from above,
 The great Commanders in what ever Nation,
 They need a strong and mighty supportation ;
 The head hath use, of ears, of eyes, and hands,
 To see, and hear, and execute commands ;
 All their consults and acts will never please,
 Unless Gods glory, and the publick peace
 Be minded of them : carnall policie
 Will pull them down, though they be ne'r so hie :
 These Ninivites, had they consulted thus,
 We live in dangerous times, What's that to us ?

Let's do our selves good, while we are in place,
Enrich our sons to help the following race :
Let people cry, Hark what the Prophet says,
We'l not beleieve him yet these thirty days ;
Then let the oppressed cry, and we'l be gone,
There's none to help when all is overthrowne :
But'tis not so with them ; with one intent
This act they publish, and in one word, *Repent* ;
It is an act of acts, if they had sat
Consulting all their dayes, there's none like that ;
The ground of which is hope to get them free
Of those their sins the guilt tane off to be.
The Fast is strict, nor man nor beast may eat,
All had offended, none may have their meat ;
It was discreetly, fitly timed out,
And orderly, exactly brought about ;
The fittest time to put themselves to shame,
When sudden terror of destruction came :
Twas orderly, because that all of note
Decreed it by a common willing vote.
A Fast for man and beast, in generall,
Those that were fit for service, great and small ;
It was exactly kept, when none might fast
The least : a true, a wholly humbling fast.
But why should Infants fast? why senselesse beasts,
That know no difference 'twixt fasts and feasts?
It is because by cryes this innocent age
For riper sinners might to God ingage ;

They

They knew not preaching, nor discernd Gods handi-
Yet are by famine made to understand. (Why sou-
Why should they cloath their beasts in sack-cloth? beir
Should they be plac'd amongst the men that cry
Unto the Lord? perhaps it was a rule [v.8.]
Or custome there to cloath the horse and mule
Of greatest price with trappings when they take
Their triumphs, as at funerals we make
A shew of dolefull mournings: Here ye have
All Nineveh are going to their grave,
To make it up the saddest solemnity,
Nor herd, nor flocks shall have indemnity;
And all these roar and cry for want of food
To him that hears the cryes of Ravens brood:
This makes the saddest sorrows to be born
More patiently, when all about us mourn;
The contrite spirit doth in such a case
Pump up the humors from the heart to the face;
Our underft inding that instructs us in
The greatness and the horror of our sin,
And tells us, we can ne'r enough bemoan
Those sins that make the whole Creation groan:
Then cry to God with heart and voyce, and say,
Let every man turn from his evill way.
What is repentance? living uprightly,
A turning to thy first integrity:
The life new mended with *Jonah* doctrine suits,
And every day it brings forth worthy fruits;

They

hand they washed filthy hands, they next repent,
Why though the other parts cannot be innocent:
loth? their fraudulent and head-strong violence,
y oppressing cruelty (a great offence)
v.8.] lawfull contracts, and their briberies,
e their grinding of the poor, and forgeries,
ake ill-gotten goods, vineyards, houses, lands,
These are the wickedneses of their hands;
injustith Judgement-seat, and in the laws
Corruption's found, and in the Judges paws;
The King and councell they decreed upon,
and call for hasty restitution;
they knew that though repentance were begun,
nothing's accepted untill that be done;
and can they not restore the same, or such
a quality, they must restore as much.
Then their repentance that perhaps may move,
Repenting earth works penitence above.
Just to conceive, there a belief must be [v.9.]
In hope a reconciled God to see.
Doing these duties, thus the soul might say,
Worser it cannot be, better it may;
If we repent not, are we not destroy'd?
If we repent, the judgement we avoyd;
If mercy shews unto the Universe,
And will he not his threats 'gainst us reverse?
And doe not all repenances begin,
Formall and reall with complaint at sin?

The

The righteous men, Christ came not them to call
Unto repentance, but the sinners all.

Come unto Christ all ye that labour sore,
Not you that pleasure take in sins ; nay more,
That dally with my judgements and my laws
Of threats and wrath, regarding not the awes.
Come unto me, my mercy prove and try,
You heavy laden sinners, lest ye dye.

(Who knoweth it) they are not words of doubt,
In any sort to keep salvation out ;
Nor lest presumption, that we should advance,
But sense of sin, hope of deliverance.

God must repent though not with change of mind
Reversing the decree that was design'd,
And then the fury of his wrath will cease,
And judgement be reversed, if he please.

Hence issueth mercy towards Nineveh, [v.10]
He saw their works, and doth accept their plea,
Their whole repentance from their evill ways,
And did not doe the evill that he says :

God saw their works, and he wel knew their need
God saw their hearts & whence their works pro-
God saw their outward, & their inward man ; (ced
God saw these Converts when their change began
God saw their judgement, knowledge, and desire
God saw their faith, and hope he did require,
And God repented, that is, God appears
To them in some resemblances of theirs ;

Tha

That man may know him, he'll be known as man,
The bodies, members, and the souls he can
Ascribe unto himself for his intent,
That we might partly guesse by them what's meant;
Repentance fruit it is the calling in,
The change of somewhat heretofore hath bin
Done or determined: In God they say
Repentance is not, but the effect it may;
The evill which the Lord had thought to bring
'Twas penall, and it was upon the wing;
But faith them quickneth, and doth them invest
In the sweet love of God, and there they rest;
Their righteousnesses were their rituall washes,
The sach-cloth wearing, sitting in the ashes,
'Twas morall too, there was their minde & heart,
To God from all their sins they do depart;
And then their faith a dore it was of hope,
For them to enter in, the heavens do ope.
Twice here's repeated Gods most blessed name,
To let us know the meaning of the same;
'Twas not the value of their works, or measure,
But the acceptance of his owne good pleasure;
Nor for repentance on the Cities part,
But for repentance of his owne free heart;
His gracious inclination, which he took,
Did so prevail with him, he cannot brook
Long cryes of Saints, nor many knocks at gate,
Good works with him are never out of date.

C H A P. IV.

THE four Chapters of this same little book
 Doe hold forth Love and Mercy, if you look
 Upon them with a clear judicious eye,
 In every verse sweet comfort ye may spy
 For a distressed soul : Behold, here's more
 Then *Jonas* here, he did his part before,
 In opening these discourses he excels,
 Confesseth mercy, here is something else,
 Mercy is pleaded, prov'd by argument,
 The equity, the reason of it, the intent,
 Is here upheld. If Nineveh be eased
 Of her sore burthen, *Jonas* would be pleased :
 The forty days they were not yet expired,
 Yet *Jonas* did perceive that God desired
 (By a Prophetick spirit) to save the City :
Jonah is displeased when he saw his City ;
 View here the picture of an angry man,
 His passion will appear, doe what he can.
 I did expect, when *Jonas* took the charge [v. 1.]
 To prophesie against a place so large,
 To hear of judgement there, but they return,
 And so were safe, there was no fire to burn.
 It is a good mans wish, a Prophets crown,
 To spend his life and breath to cut sin down.

The

The winning of mens souls, it is to God
The saving of the Hearers by the rod ;
Setting their sins in order to their sight,
Them to translate from darknesse into light ;
Gods blessing 'tis, and 'tis a good increase
Upon the sown seeds, and 'twas *Jonas* ease,
The work was done so soon, which to obtain
Cost many Prophets lives, and is their bane :
He that deals mercy unto whom he will,
Wills Nineveh shall have his mercy still ;
This should have made the Prophet fall to prayse,
And magnifie Gods mercy sundry wayes ;
But he, alas ! is grieved in his heart,
His judgement much condemns it for his part ;
He goes so far in grieving, that therein
More he expresseth, then against his sin.
We see what envy is, what e're is good.
In others, it attempts to kill in the bud ;
There is no honor, life, blisse, good, increase,
But it repines at, and would force to cease ;
It fils the eyes, and face, and in the eyes
It fils and looketh out, and if it spies
That God deals blessings, it grows very hot,
'Tis death unto it, if he destroy them not ;
It made the Brother of the Prodigall
Vexed and grieved that he did live at all,
The effects of it so deep in *Jonas* lye,
That he, 'cause Ninevites live, will dye ;

His charity it shall be quite forgot,
 He hateth it, because it envyeth not;
 God in his justice hath ordain'd this else
 To be the greatest plague unto it selfe :
 So angry's Jonas with himself, to say
 Unto his Maker, Take my life away :
 Should God have tane him at the word he says,
 In furious passion he must end his days.
 Thus see the Prophets fall, and his relapse
 Into a worser malady perhaps :
 We thought the water of the Sea had washe
 His sin away ; but now we finde him dasht
 And sore bespattered that his troubled heart
 Is press'd as is with heavy sheaves a Cart ;
 He's angry with his birth, and with his God,
 He's angry with the worm whereon he trod,
 He's angry with the Sun that's in the sky,
 With every blast of wind that goeth by ;
 This is a grievous and a dangerous wound
 In a Saints brest, where Gods love should be found.
 Oh Lord, how art thou seen in all thy Saints,
 In all their risings, in their fals and faints !
 'Tis good to mark and to observe their fall,
 And therefore they are well recorded all.
 Not that we should with cursed *Chem* take pleasure
 To view their nakednesse in any measure ;
 But rather take the cloak that God casts over,
 Of Charity, their weaknesses to cover.

They

They are the comfortablest things we read,
We learn to live exactly from the dead.
Those that doe stand, take heed, stand not in vain,
Those that are fain, arise, get up again :
Trust not your arms of flesh, your hearts of aches,
Your spirits made pure, as the water washes ;
Trust not your legs, though they have stood a time,
For you may slide, back slide, be like to him :
Trust not a Prophet, nor a Prophets Son,
By their example you may be undon ;
For Prophets, Patriarchs, and Apostles too,
Have fain, may fall, as stars and meteors do :
Trust not your strength, 'tis weaknes, be not jolly,
Trust not your wisdom, what is that, but folly ?
Trust not the friendship of this world, said one,
It's enmity to God, it's Satans throne ;
Trust not the Creature works, trust not that pow'r
That may be call'd to question every hour ;
Trust not pure nature, doch it not defile you ?
Trust not your works, for will they not beguile
Trust in the mercies of the Lord alone, (you ?
Trust in those merits which thy Christ will owne,
Trust in that God that saith, 'Tis I, even I,
That puts away all thine iniquity ;
But not for thy desert, do not mistake,
'Tis for his mercy and his own Names sake.
How comes the Prophet thus to chafe and puff ?
One passion for the soul, was't not enough ?

His should be grief for such a sentence past,
 That God would lay this goodly City wast ;
 Sure he forges he is by name a Dove,
 That should be full of sweetnesse, mildenesse, love :
 Thus the Apostles (Lord) how weak they were,
 Though they did daily Christ their Master heare ;
 Peter's a Saint sometimes, sometimes a Devil,
 He's sometimes very good, and sometimes evil ;
 Most right resembling *Jonas*, as his Son,
Simon Bar Jona by succession.

The effects of *Jonas* anger thus begun,
 As if the Lord some injury had done :
 (O Lord, I pray thee, did not this I say?) [v.2.]

That is, I did not ill to fly away

To *Tharsis* : He weighs not the City state
 (No more then grasse cut down) made desolate ;
 Nor doth he onely wrath conceive in minde,
 But he maintains and feeds it, most unkinde.

The Fathers three degrees of Anger finde,
 There's choler, wrath, displeasure of the minde ;
 All these are seen in *Jonas*, whose desire
 Was that he might see *Nimueb* on fire ;
 He frets and chides, & nought there is can ease him,
 Neither his life, nor yet his God can please him ;
 He pray'd to God : To pray that's not amiss
 In time of wrath, or any sin of his :
 Unto a praying man God is no debter,
 He gives the thing he asks, or gives a better.

If *Jonah* had restrain'd his wrath so fell,
Been angry with his wrath, he had done well;
His spirit's troubled, and disordered,
He measures things as he's by fancy led,
Not by the will of God: for he puts forth
His owne distractions with the things of worth:
His words they seem directed unto God,
His inward cogitations very odd;
Himselfe he laboreth to purge, and clear,
And to accuse that God that he should fear;
He was before like tinkling brasse in sound,
Now wanting love in him, there's nothing found;
No interposures have his lips of prayse,
Subjectings none unto Gods will or ways:
(And was not this my saying?) that's as much
As he had said, When I went forth on such
A charge, I did not like it, for I thought
The threatned words to deeds should ne'r be
Admit all this, yet canst thou not refuse (brought)
The message, though to them it was ill news;
Leave the event to God; to use his floore
At his own pleasure, to cast out of doore
Either the corn or chaffe, or which he will,
Doe thou the office of a Prophet still.
But *Jonah* stands with blasts to blow the fire,
His honor suffers, thence arose his ire:
His meaning here he lets us understand,
That he of God some reason doth demand;

He magnifies himselfe, poor mortall man,
What is his work, what power, virtue can (edge,
Proceed from that? what truth, what spirit, what
What life, or what command can he alledge?

His Calendar he cites of time and place,
When he was in his Country, in that space
He was sent forth, when he was best at ease,
Commanded for to compass land and seas,
And lose his labour, spend his strength in vain,
When God, he knew, these troubles might restrain.

• Were these thy breathings Jonah, this thy sin?
Confesse thy folly, 'tis time to begin;
If God had not in pity held thy tongue
From speaking folly, thou wouldest not have Jong
Before thou hadst blasphemed: Thus we all
Sin as we eat, and drink, or breath; and fall
With much delight: Let us our sins forsake,
And our self-liking cast behinde our back.

But Jonah gives account, that he'll have heeded,
'Twas this, to voyd to Tarshis, why he spedded;
A Prophet false must he be now accounted,
How high to his discredit it amounted:
They'll say, He was not sent, but he did run;
Such irksome language would the Prophet shun:
'Tis answered thus, Events may be delay'd,
And yet the voyce of God must be obey'd.

The Prophets knew they must be scandalized,
'Tis prophesied, and 'tis evangelized;

The

The world their words so little did regard,
That thus they us'd their Prophets to reward.
Had Jonah's duty been sincerely done,
He need not value base opinion ;
Discharg'd hath he a conscience good and clear,
Then to his Maker precious he is and dear.
Jonas might reason, this will much condemn
The People Israel, who did long contemn
The voice of Prophets ; If these men come in
By soon repenting ; Israel for their sin
Will surely perish : Therefore if I can,
I will prevent it. Oh thou foolish man
The stormy winds forbade thee, thee they staid,
The sea held back, and thee the fish delaid ;
The bars of the earth did strongly shut thee in,
For God did stop thee in thy course of sin :
All this considered, 'tis beyond thy skill,
Plotting or petting, to obtain thy will.
The ground of his disordered course was this,
He will forbear that is the God of blisse ;
Thinks he is gracious, mercifull, and kinde,
Repents him of the ill, and calls to minde
His ancient promise ; and is free of heart,
He freely gives, without the least desert ;
Hath mercy, pity, bowels of a Mother,
He sympathizeth with th' afflicted Brother ;
Tis not his nature, anger to retain,
But he corrects, to make a man refrain

His

His sin ; then using his revenging rod,
 In all he is much, in mercy most a God :
 To change his word how easily is he bent
 To be intreated by the penitent ;
 When he is smiting, if we do return,
 He'll draw his hand away, the rod he'll burn ;
 This *Jesus* knew ; goes on in prayer to say,
 Therefore (O Lord) now take my life away ; [v.3.]
 As he should say, I am a man so crost,
 And in my expectation am so lost,
 That nothing now can end or slake this strife,
 This discontent of mine, but end of life.
 The man's in haste to lose his life, his all,
 Headlong he goes, fals, and for death doth call.
 He saith not simply (Better 'tis to dye
 Then live) but with himself deals equally.
 Renowned *Paul* this knot could not unloose,
 'Twas such a strait, he knew not what to choose,
 To live or die : Yet our eternall rest
 In Christ to have, no doubt, it is the best ;
 Yet in the flesh to stay a while below,
 It is more needfull for the Church we know ;
 Leave it to God, with his will be content,
 Who will doe what is most convenient ;
 Be ready for it, ere you wish for death, (breath'
 And pray that God would yet prolong your
 Then said the Lord, Thy fault I will thee tell,
 Thus to be angry, *Jesus*, dost thou well ? [v.4.]

This manifests the mercy of the Lord,
Telling so milde and fatherly a word
Of objurgation : Thus the Potter may
And humbly doth dispute it with the Clay,
And of his actions seems to give a reason
Why he did spare the City at this season ;
Although the cause, the argument may be
Upon his absolute sole authoritie.

When we in finning ways are running on,
Lyring our selves, and past all hope are gone,
God in wisdome did not then come in,
Could any flesh be saved from his sin ?
God said to him, 'tis not well done of thee,
(Or else to this effect) I doe I see
Give cause of anger, or of discontent,
Or this my sparing of the penitent.
Out of the City *Jonah* doth depart,
That intimates he had but little heart
To carry on his work, not fully don,
Err'd in this the Application
Of the right rule, they were from wrath set free,
They were the Lords, they were as good as he :
And on the East side, there he fated him down,
In solitary place about the Town ;
Reas' East perhaps, because the rising Sun
Was comfortable when the day begun.
All, and thus in time we all shall have our lot,
[v. and unknown, where all things are forgot,

To

To come upon, and with our Saviour rest,
To dwell with him to everlasting's best .
And *Jonas* there made him a booth, and sat [v.5]
Under the shadow of it ; note ye that,
A Prophet may be forced with his hands
To labour for relief in house or lands :
The Booth can tell us what our bodies are,
By nature Tents, as all our fathers were ;
Our heavenly Fathers mansions they are best,
Arise, depart, for this is not your rest.
But *Jonas* stays untill that he might see,
Oh Nineveh, what shall be done to thee !
The forty days forbearance now expire,
And *Jonas* waits to see the threatned fire.
Next God for *Jonas* did prepare a gourd,
Which did a goodly shadow him afford ;
His booth is withered, now he hath an arbour
Built him of God, and fitted for his harbour.
How barren all the works of man doe lie !
Vain things even all, if God doe not supply ;
When he supplies, that onely comfort gives,
When others die, that onely thrives and lives ;
And all the Writers yet could never see,
Nor tell us truly what this gourd should be,
Which in a night to such height did ascend
Over the head of *Jonas*, and did bend, (leaves or v.
With some large sprouts of boughs, and spreading the
That twines, and twists, and shades, & interweaves it

In a moment, when the Almighty's pleased,
 Somebody's shaded, and his soul is eased :
 v.5 His gourd not onely his acceptance had,
 But of it he becomes exceeding glad; [v.6.]
 From scourching heat his head this gourd did save,
 And every leaf thereof the wind did wave;
 By one nights growth, this gourd is fresh & green,
 The colour of it's pleasant to be seen :
 Perhaps there was some odoriferous smell
 Came to his nostrils, and it fenteth well ;
 How sick he was with sudden grief of heart,
 And anger too, and so by curious art
 Comfort sprung up, and God did finde a way
 Here to protect him thus while he did stay :
 And when all this the Ninevites should see,
 Would they deem him a Prophet false to bee ?
 Gods favour here is that affects him most,
 By this he sees his presence is not lost ;
 This is his joy of heart, this will him serve
 To prize the blessing as it did deserve.
 How stupid are the men that think, by chance
 The blessings come ; and so they ne'r advance
 The gifts, nor giver, who it was that sent
 The ticket, nor the portion which is lent ;
 'Tis just that they of all should be bereav'd,
 And for what have they that they have not receiv'd ?
 They thankfull for these blessings temporall,
 And use them, and not abuse them, lest they fall,

Or

Or snares to thee doe prove ; him love at large,
That sent these helps thy duties to discharge.
But here is more then his acknowledging
The Author ; here's the pleasure of the thing,
He felt the sweetnesse of these benefits,
Blessing on blessing wherefoever it lights ;
Just as the Preacher notes of wealth and treasure,
Where God bestows it in a larger measure,
And gives him power to eat, and take his part,
This is a double gift, this cheers the heart ;
But to be so excessive in his joy,
And so transported for a very toy ;
O Lord, how foolish are we, while that we,
Under pretence of our displeasing thee,
Avoyd one fault that we did run into,
And presently a worser we will do.

Jesus is quickly angry, quickly pleased,
Soon fill'd with joy, and soon his wrath appeas'd
And what he is or doth, he strongly moves,
He hateth deadly, vehemently loves.
Thus into every shape poor wretch he can
Turn and return ; 'tis hard to know the man,
So inconsistent he's in all his ways,
Still going on, and knows not where he stays.
Thus 'tis with men, whose houses are of clay,
And whose foundation's in the dust, even they
Before the morning may consumed be,
And when they're nothing, where is constancie ?

Th

thus quickly *Jesus* joy did haste away,
 for God prepar'd a worm by break of day [v.7.]
 that smote the gourd, & soon the gourd did blast,
 windled and dy'd: Thus all delights make hast:
 how God can use the vilest instrument
 to work his sorrow, when he could have sent
 a sturr a mighty wind to bruise, and break, and shatter it,
 or thunder-bolts to smite, to scorch, to batter it.
 One worm shall doe as much for God, as all
 the plagues or judgements that can man befall;
 and then the worm is sent at fittest time,
 to smite the gourd which now was in its prime:
 The night was fresh and cool while *Jesus* slept,
 the covering of his booth would then have kept
 him safe enough; but when the morning rose,
 The Sun did burn, away the shadow goes;
 The gourd no sooner comes, but's gone next day,
 easelod sent a worm to smite it soon away;
 The worm gave it a sudden mortall stroak,
 idoth the Workman which doth fell the oak;
 and all the pleasures this life can afford
 are well exemplifi'd by *Jesus* gourd.
 The gourd is gone, and now this holy liver,
 The Prophet findes more arrows in the quiver:
 or as in b'lessings we may easily feel
 how one doth take another by the heel;
 when God wil work us good, they come so fast,
 that we are apt to think they'l always last:

So

So in afflictions God will still go on
Fiercer and fiercer, till his wrath be gon
Out to the purpose, and he will renew
His plagues, those witnessess that will speak true :
The biting worm, and then the parching Sun,
The fervent East-wind, all shall serve to burn
The head of *Jonas*, they're prepar'd to make
His soul, his body faint, his head to ake ;
And this again his passion brings about,
He thinks it better that his soul went out,
And wisheth from his body it might part,
His grief was great, it pierced to the heart :
How weak was he, he knew from whence these
He had enough of them to make him tame : (came,
One would have thought, that he would now take
Of murmur'ring, lest his passion he should feed. (heed
But he proceeds in anger, whereupon
The Lord debates it, asks the question
As formerly, What *Jonas*, dost thou well
To be so angry for the gourd, Canst tell ?
Consider this how sin may us supplant,
Once and again, unless the Lord do grant
Strength and restraining grace, we shall offend,
Though he corrects, we shall not yet amend.
Next, see how gently here the Lord reproves,
'Tis but a chaffening unto those he loves ;
He seems to question *Jonas* by degrees,
What, angry ? down upon thy knees,

The righteous judgements of thy Judge advance,
Humble thy selfe, behold thy ignorance;
As Prophets use to doe, in such case they
Fly to the throne of grace, to blesse and pray.
What, angry ? What is anger, but desire
To be reveng'd for wrongs? this men require :
Whom wilt thou /be reveng'd on for this rod,
The Worm, the Sun, the East-wind, or thy God ?
Jonas to this makes answer, I confess,
Angry I am indeed, thou knowst no lesse.
And art thou very angry ? 'Tis excesses
Of passions that offends in our distresses.
I greatly angry am ; this he replyes,
I doe not counterfeit, nor yet devise.
And doft thou well, and is thine anger just,
And darft thou thus defend thy raging lust ?
Yes, I doe well, and I doe not repent,
But to maintain its justnesse I am bent.
And art thou angry for so small a losse,
That shouldest have strength to bear the heaviest
Yes, I am angry to the very death, (cross) ?
And I'll maintain it with my parting breath ;
For I have done thy will, not ceas'd to cry,
Ventur'd my life, and yet thou lefft me lie
As disrespected ; sorrows me deprive
Of all my joyz, they will not let me live.
Oh Jonas, Jonas, where's thy self-denyal ?
How wouldst thou abide a bloody fiery tryall ?

Thou hadst done better, hadst thou held thy peace,
 Thy silence would have made thine anger cease ;
 Lord, what is man, that he should thus contend,
 Be stout against his Maker to no end !

These two last verses bring along the plea,

Which justifies Gods sparing Nineveh, [v.10.]

Inferring that which no man can deny,

And from his empty reasons draws him dry :

Thou hast had pity *Jonas* on the gourd,

And shall not I spare them that hear thy Word ?

Shall not I shew pity ? weigh the things together,

The gourd thou spendst no strength upon it nei-

Thou hadst no right unto it, 'twas not thine, (ther,

The make and growing of the gourd were mine ;

The time of its continuance was so small,

There was no reason thou shouldest lov't at all,

It grew so quick, it shot up in one night,

And in a shorter time it perisht quite.

But Nineveh, besides the ripe in years, [v.11.]

Had Sixscore thousand Infants, whose young tears

Did move my pity, and their innocence

Could not be guilty of a great offence.

They had not onely men, but cattel much,

Which were in nature better far then such

A gourd, for which with me thou dost contend ;

Be thou the Judge ; and this debate will end.

Fonah expounded.

67

Ye see the reasons that the Lord did giye
To *Jonas*, why he let these people live;
Jonas is mute therest, I doe not finde
One word for answer here of any kinde;
The victory, the conquest he doth yeeld
To God, to blessed truth he gives the field;
And leaves this Story to the world upon
Record, in silense and submision.

F 2

Argument.



Argumentum

THE following subject, which I am upon,
 It is the Story of the Prophet John's;
 The true Relation of his life, his death
 Procured by a wicked Womans breath,
 Of proud King Herod; Then I may perchance
 Set you where you shall see a Feast, a Dance,
 A sudden Tragedy, when all the mirth
 Soon vanish't, and was stifted at the birth.

This is intended for no other end
 Then meditation of my self and friend.



THE

The Life and Death of JOHN the Baptist.

THE Law is past, the Gospel must begin,
 Old Zachary and his Wife must usher in
 The Preface of it, as it doth consist
 Of a good Angel or Evangelist,
 Who hasted the Fore-runner to fore-run,
 And tell the old man he shall have a Son ;
 But unbelieving, he was stricken dumb,
 While Bess was breeding of the voyce to come ;
 Her Son was born, his Fathers speech restored,
 The people fear'd that God that he adored ,
 For double blessings, John he grew apace,
 Gods hand did goe with him from place to place :
 He preacht Repentance, and with much adoe,
 Level'd Gods way, and preacht Remission too ;
 Yet was no Leveller, but he withstood
 The Scribes and Pharisees, a viperous brood,
 And warned them, the future wrath to fly,
 By true repentance, and humility.
 Without vain boasting fruits, this Summer time
 Of works are now expected, now in prime,
 Or else the tree must down, the Axe of ire
 And vengeance must prepare it for the fire.
 Now Baptism to Repentance he brings in,
 By Water washing off the peoples sin :

John's but the shadow of the work, at most,
Christ is the substance, with the Holy Ghost
And Fire he comes, using that Element
To purifie the Sinner, is his intent :
Made fit for Baptism, Christ he comes to John,
Offers himself, to put an honor on
That sacred Ord'nance ; Lord, have I not need
(Said John) to be baptiz'd of thee indeed ?
And John refus'd it ; so that Christ reply'd,
Suffer it now, it must not be deny'd,
For thus all righteousness we must fulfill.
So John baptiz'd him, and obey'd his will.
The multitude he taught, reproves their sin,
What was requir'd of each, where to begin ;
That he them told with zeal, & there was no man
A greater Prophet ever born of woman :
John was a burning and a shining light,
His conversation just, his life upright.
Herod observ'd him, and he heard him gladly,
Did many things he taught, yet looked sadly ;
For John did often smite his darling sin,
His Delilah he so delighted in ;
Reprov'd his wicked and incestuous life,
His marriage with his Brother Philip's Wife.
The King was wroth, the Prophet he would kill,
But that the people would have taken ill ;
Herodias hated him, and did intend,
Though yet she could not bring him to his end,
Nothing

Nothing could stop the rage 'gainst such a foe,
Nor pacifie, John must to prison goe.
The day is come, the King will celebrate
His birth, and shew the glory of his state,
And make a royall invitation
To feast the Worthies of that Nation,
With all the delicates that doe belong,
Sweet wines, rich banquets, mufick, and a Song;
And in the midst of their joviality,
Enters a Lady of great quality,
As bright in splendour as the morning sun,
Daz'ling their eyes, and every heart was wun
With her perfections, and her rich attire,
She danc'd so exquisitly they did admire;
The King was ravisht so with these delights,
As if he ne'r before had seen such sights;
Half of his Kingdome he will part withall,
If she will ask it, nay, the whole she shall,
She shall have Honors, Lordships, what she will,
Of riches, jewels, pleasures, take her fill:
She knows not what to ask, yet will not smother
So high an offer, she'l goe ask her Mother;
She asks her Mother, in whose wretched mind
Lay (motehr'd the designe she did intend,
The Devil bid her gratifie a lust,
And what's a Prophets life, though ne'r so just?
A Prophets life, what is it to the King?
He had better give it then a Diamond ring:

A Prophets life, what's that to *Him*'s pleasure?
 He had better give it then exhaust his treasure.
 A Prophets life, whom need the King to fear?
 Is't worth an hundred thousand pounds a year?
 A Prophets head, who dy'd in his own wrong,
 What is't to save a Lady, if she long?
 A Prophets head is such a dish in the feast,
 Will more be spoken of then all the rest:
 'Tis such a gift, none can give a larger,
 Therefore ask *John* Baptists head in a Charger:
 A meddling Prophet, sowing of debate,
 Forfeits his head unto the King and State;
 Had he but held his tongue, he had sav'd his head;
 Who dares speak Treason once when he is dead?
 And who dares say the Queen is *Philip*'s Wife?
 He's prodigall, or weary of his life:
 By this the Grandees will be kept in awe,
 When they perceive the Kings will is his Law.
 And thus the King and I shall love, and sport,
 And live and have one bed, one heart, one Court,
 Put on a form, and then in one halfe hour
 Become new Converts, but without the pow'r
 Of godlinesse, for that we must deny,
 Lest it convince, and that's no policy.
 In an old woman there is so much evill,
 Unsanctifi'd, she is a very devill;
 He the first Murtherer was, and she the next,
Job's Wife, or *Adams*, helps you to a Text.

In comes the Dancer, asks the head of John
Immediately in her petition :
Impudent, wanton, senselesse ignorance,
Thy tongue hath tripp'd, and thou hast spoyl'd the
Discorded all the mulick, every string (dance,
Sounds harsh, and jars, as if 't abhor'd the thing :
This sads their spirits, and it damps their mirth,
The present death makes them forget the Birth ;
Herod was grieved, and was troubled sore,
She askt so much, and that she askt no more ;
A Prophets head, what can it profit thee ?
And shall I yeeld to such a cruelty ;
Such a Deaths head engraven in a ring
Will vex thy heart, and great dishonor bring :
Now Conscience puts him *Pilate's Question*,
Why should John die, what evill hath he done ?
He is a Seer, hadst thou eyes to see ;
He is a Prophet, and shall pray for thee ;
He's a Reformer, of a rude behaviour,
The Minister that did baptize his Saviour ;
He is a Preacher, and his office lies
In telling Jacob his iniquities :
The world will wonder I should take offence,
The man spake plainly, preacht his conscience.
This stops him not, the King will keep his word,
Before his Nobles, as they sit at board,
He had engag'd his promise, credit, both,
Indconscience bindes him, he must keep his oath.

Here's an example, that the foulest sin
With fair pretences may be usher'd in.
Haste Executioner, and doe not stay,
Bring us his head, before we take away.
The head is brought, and set down in a dish,
The wanton Dame sell she shall have her wish.
This is a dish that sets all in a dump,
This is the Leaven sowing all the lump;
This all pollutes, when all before was good,
This is a dish whose sauce is brains and blood;
They gave it her, she to her Mothers hand
Deliver'd it, the fruit of her command.
What needed Herod to have granted this?
Though she requested it, she askt amisse;
And she deserves that asks unlawful things,
To be deny'd of Subjects, more of Kings;
Had he well weigh'd his promises intent,
That was so large unto her, a what it ment;
He promis'd half his Kingdome, and no more,
And John was worth the whole, nay three or four
Such Kingdomes; so that Herod might have sav'd
His too rash oath, if he the grant had wav'd.
Is this thy birth-day? better been unborn,
Then make thy selfe so desperately forlorn,
By acting such a Tragedy, as all
Will censure thee, thy pride shall have a fall.
Goe on, goe on, thy wilful sins to fill,
Tby wicked murthers and adulteries will

Prepare

Prepare thy place, where thou shalt ever dwell,
There's no repentance in the grave or hell.

Note (to conclude) that by the death of John
The Law is ended, and the Prophets gon.



Creation work in parcels ; Begin by a friend.

IN six days God the whole Creation fram'd,
So good, so very good as could be nam'd ;
Man was made righteous, and so had still
been, had he not been left unto his will :
He sins, he falls, he many inventions found
To sink the whole Creation to the ground.
Thus good was turn'd to naught in six days more,
But so had God decreed the day before
The world was made ; the world God loved so,
He sent his Son from heaven, to undergoe
An ignominious death, and all the pain
Hell could inflict, man to restore again :
And on the Twelfth day he sent forth a star
To tell the Wise, Salvation was not far.
Onde Devill, why so kinde unto Mankinde ?
To pride his heart, and deifie his minde ;

Infusing thoughts, that now there was no odds
Nor inequality 'twixt them and Gods.
There's no command will binde, but they wil eat,
And choak their off-spring with forbidden meat.
This done, we are all undone by *Adam's* sin,
But God can finde a way to bring man in :
All must run parallel, and Christ must take
The humane nature now, for pity sake :
The righteous God, because of *Adam's* sin,
Suffered him not once to be mention'd in
His sacred Writ, nor faith, nor any grace,
Though he beleived, shall obtain a place
There where that monster Sin made such a scar,
That vengeance upon him proceeded far :
And righteous *Abel* is upon record,
By faith the Protomartyr in the Word.

FINIS.

ll eat,
eat.